The Honeſt Iſraelite.

A New Song

Compoſed by Mr. MIDDLETON, *Comedian*,

And ſung by him at different Theatres, and Theatres Royal, with great Applauſe.

TUNE—Jolly Dick, the Lamplighter.

I'M call'd an honeſt Iſraelite, and was born by Duke's Place,
To own my ſpot of birth 'tis right, I think it no diſgrace,
I've money plenty now d'ye ſee, and live in great repute,
Wether I got it honeſtly, you've no right to diſpute.

When I was only ten years old mine father ſays to me,
Mine child, the truth I will unfold, a great man you will be,
Only your father's council take, and cheat all that you can,
You ſoon will then your fortune make, ſtick cloſe unto my plan.

A box of goods he gave to me, my fortune for to try,
I was no fool, that you'll ſoon ſee; a good head piece had I,
For I went out of town to trade, thoſe articles to ſell,
The principal he having paid, it anſwer'd very well.

The firſt poor ſoul I did take in was a raw country clown,
But that was only a ſmall ſin, 'twas ſix and thirty pound,
For a metal watch, a tick, which he did think was gold,
I afterwards his pocket pick'd, again the watch I ſold.

My brother Lype gave me a note, which was good for nix,
I ſoon ſet it off afloat, ſo cunning were my tricks,
I touch'd the cole, took in the flats, as you may plainly ſee,
And with all this my running caſh put in the lottery.

My tickets all up prize came ſo lucky a man was *I*,
Now I'm a merchant, Moſes my name, and all your ſtock I'll buy,
Upon the Change it is my plan boldly to ſhew my face,
They all call me an honeſt Jew, and I think it no diſgrace.

So now good peoples be adviſ'd by what I do relate,
You'll find the proverb verified, when you heap an eſtate,
For Chriſtian, Turk, or Infidel, all ſect, it is the ſame,
If you've got caſh you'll bear the bell, and no one will you blame.